

He never had a holiday. He rose at 6; he worked from 7 to 7; two nurses, when he was small, taught him English, Italian, French and German. Since then he has learned Russian, Servian and a little Spanish.

An army captain and eight assistants were "sicked" onto Victor when he was eight. He was a frail child and, looking backward to those days, it would appear as if they had received orders to either kill the little chap or turn him into an iron man.

Victor had to ride horseback, rain or shine, cold or hot, daily. He was forced to take long walks. Once the little fellow complained that he was hungry and sleepy.

It wasn't until Victor Emanuel had married the daughter of the king of little Montenegro and the children,

whom he loves dearly, began to come, that he slackened up a bit and began to look on the gentler side of life. Up to that time his only fun had been collecting coins.

He's the greatest coin collector in the world and his three books on the subject are masterpieces, the coin collectors say. But, in his little play and his much work, he is always thorough. He even went so far, one time, as to disguise himself and travel to a distant part of Italy to look up the reputation of the family of a girl who, he thought, would make a good nurse for the three girls and one boy of the Savoy family.

The main point about the king of Italy is that he is king of himself, as well as king of Italy, which makes him a king all the time and sets a new fashion in the kingly union.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

By Norman.

New York, May 31.—The following tale traveled to New York from a Pennsylvania town, and it seems good enough to pass along.

A restaurant keeper in this town received a few days ago an unsigned letter, postmarked in another city, and this is what it said:

Dear Mr. ———: When I worked in your city several years ago I boarded at your restaurant three months. I used a meal ticket, which I purchased from you at \$5 a piece, which made it cost me 24 cents a meal. The tickets were good till all the meals had been punched out, and I soon came to the conclusion that I could save myself money by eating only two meals a day and making the two meals carry me all day and making my ticket last longer, so I et breakfast enough to keep me up to late dinner time and saved myself one meal a day. But where I wronged you was this:

I stuffed myself full of your good grub at the two meals I did eat to keep me going over dinner time, and

to do that I would always call for a second order and would put a lot of your crackers in my pocket when I got off the table. At the two meals I did eat I would stuff my skin so full that it was a wonder to me I did not bust, but I saved one meal each day at your expense and was happy. I also thought I was working a great scheme, and that if I could keep it up long enuf I maybe some day would be a Rockefeller or a Carnegie.

I finally lost my job, and I think it was because I would eat so much for breakfast I could not work all morning, being so stuffed, and in the afternoon I would be no good, either, as all I would have in me by that time was a few crackers and things that left me weak. The boss said I was no good and gave me the gate.

After I left your town I drifted around a while and finally came here, where I got a job and have made good ever since, as I eat three square meals every day. But I never could forget how I bamboozled you out of 24 cents a day for three months.

Finally I have come to the conclu-